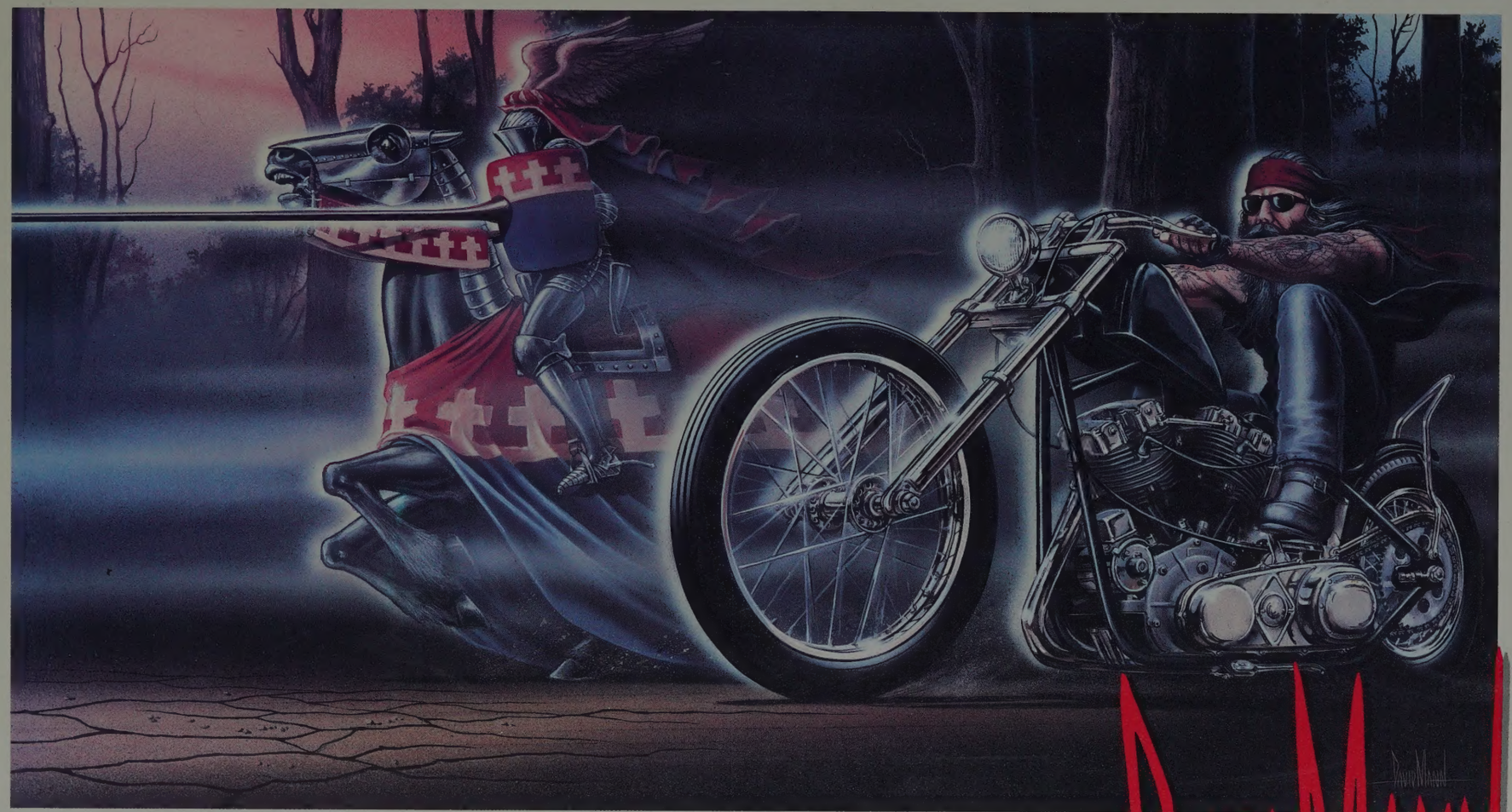
THE ARTIST'S CHOICE COLLECTION OF

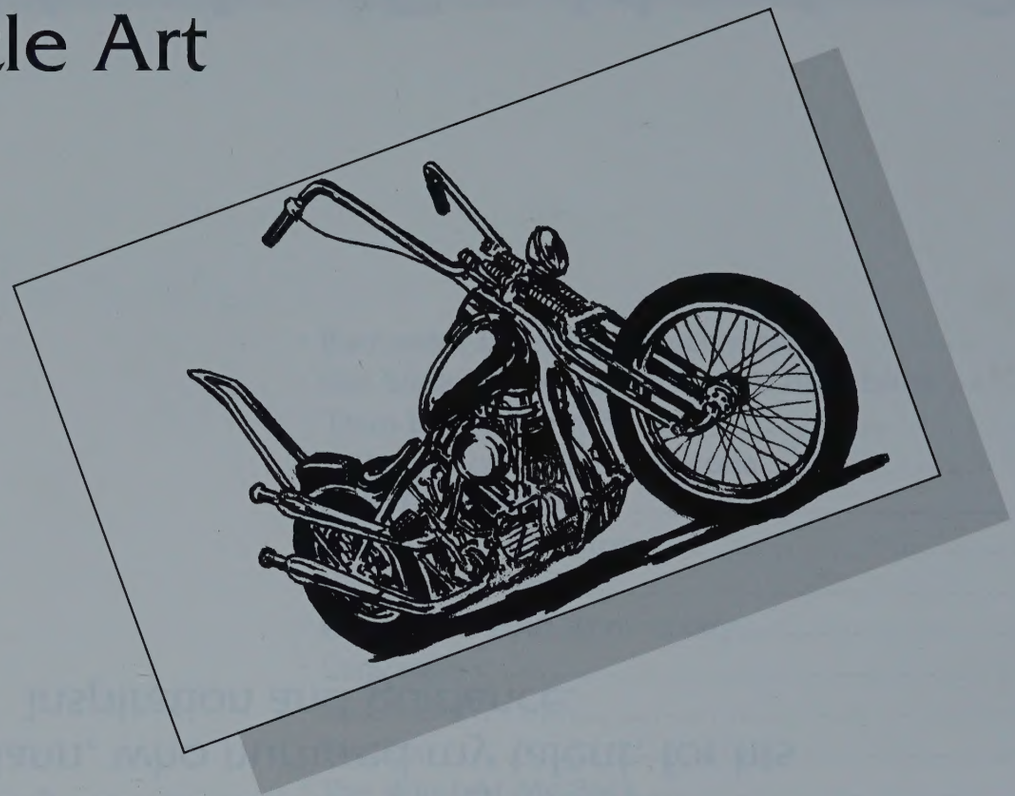
David Mann's MOTORCYCLE ART



50 masterpieces hand-picked by artist, David Mann, commemorating 25 years of biker folklore from the archives of *Easyriders* magazine

DAVID MANN

The Artist's Choice—A New Collection Of David Mann Motorcycle Art



Fifty masterpieces hand-picked by artist, David Mann, commemorating 25 years of biker folklore from the archives of **Easyriders** magazine

With an introduction by Keith R. Ball and commentary by Tex Campbell

A PAISANO PUBLICATION
Publishers of **Easyriders**

David Mann
#4488

To my father and life-long mentor,
Paul J. Mann, who nurtured my talent, for his
inspiration and guidance.

FRONT COVER

Knight Rider

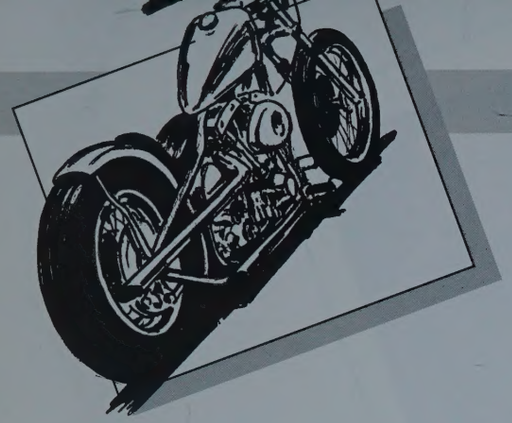
This passionate painting was actually the first in David's celebrated Ghost Rider series. Inspired by Keith R. Ball and David, this painting ushered in the series that went on to become the most popular among David's motorcycle work.

PUBLISHED BY

Paisano Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3000
(818) 889-8740

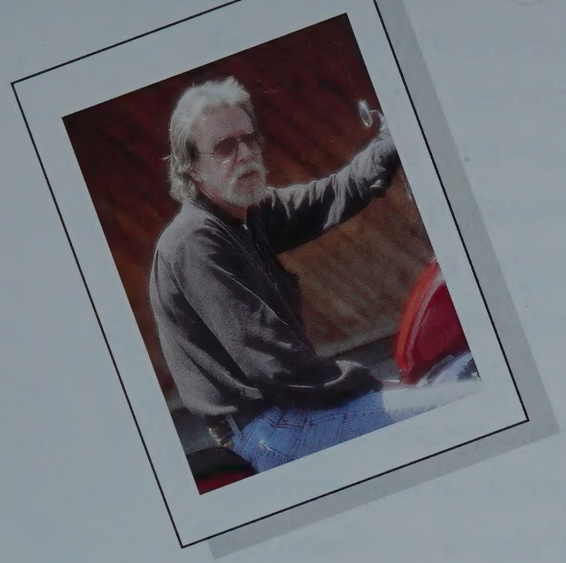
Copyright ©1993 by Paisano Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without written permission by Paisano Publications, Inc., except for brief quotes used in connection with a review written specifically for inclusion in a magazine or newspaper.

Printed September 1993



C·O·N·T·E·N·T·S

- Introduction 5
- Freedom Of The Road 8-9
- Hellhounds On My Trail 10-11
- Rubber-Kneed 12-13
- Brandon's Alky Hall Of Fame 14-15
- Peel Out 16-17
- Saturday Night/Sunday Morning 18-19
- C'mon, Girls—Push! Push! 20-21
- Turkeys Steal A Turkey 22-23
- Kiss On A Dare 24-25
- Prospect 26-27
- A Moving Experience 28-29
- Welcome To Daytona 30-31
- Pride Goeth Before A Butt Show 32-33
- Rumble Inn 34-35
- Daytona Zoo 36-37
- Eyes In The Sky 38-39
- Fuzz Busters 40-41
- Redwood Run 42-43
- Golden Gate Bridge Break 44-45
- Busted Belt Bummer 46-47
- **Easyriders** Drag Bike 48-49
- Cross Country '88 50-51
- Rolling Tornado: The Black Shadow 52-53
- Vietnam: Letter To A Lost Bro 54-55
- Ladies Love Outlaws 56-57
- Harley Sleigh Ride 58-59
- Buccaneer Biker/Biker Buccaneer 60-61
- Slip-Slidin' Away: Crazy Dave's Broadslide 62-63
- 'Dem Bones 'Dem Bones 64-65
- So Long Cold—Hello Daytona 66-67
- Fight For Your Rights 68-69
- Flyin' Flamin' Phantom 70-71
- Window To The Past 72-73
- **Easyriders** 20th Anniversary 74-75
- Canvasback 76-77
- Le Chariot 78-79
- Toy Run 80-81
- The Wind At My Back 82-83
- Saloon #10 84-85
- Hand-Painted Hand, Painting 86-87
- Power To The Putt! 88-89
- First Ride Of The Year 90-91
- Thunder Down Under 92-93
- Delirium: A Flesh Fabrication 94-95
- From Chicago To L.A. 96-97
- 400 Years Of Riding Free—Sorta 98
- Good Therapy 99
- Daytona Run 100
- Where's Charlie? 101
- A Cold Winter Ride 102
- Old Ford Memorabilia 103
- Behind Every Man.../Ain't Love Grand?/ A Humorous Balance 104



Introduction

By Keith R. Ball

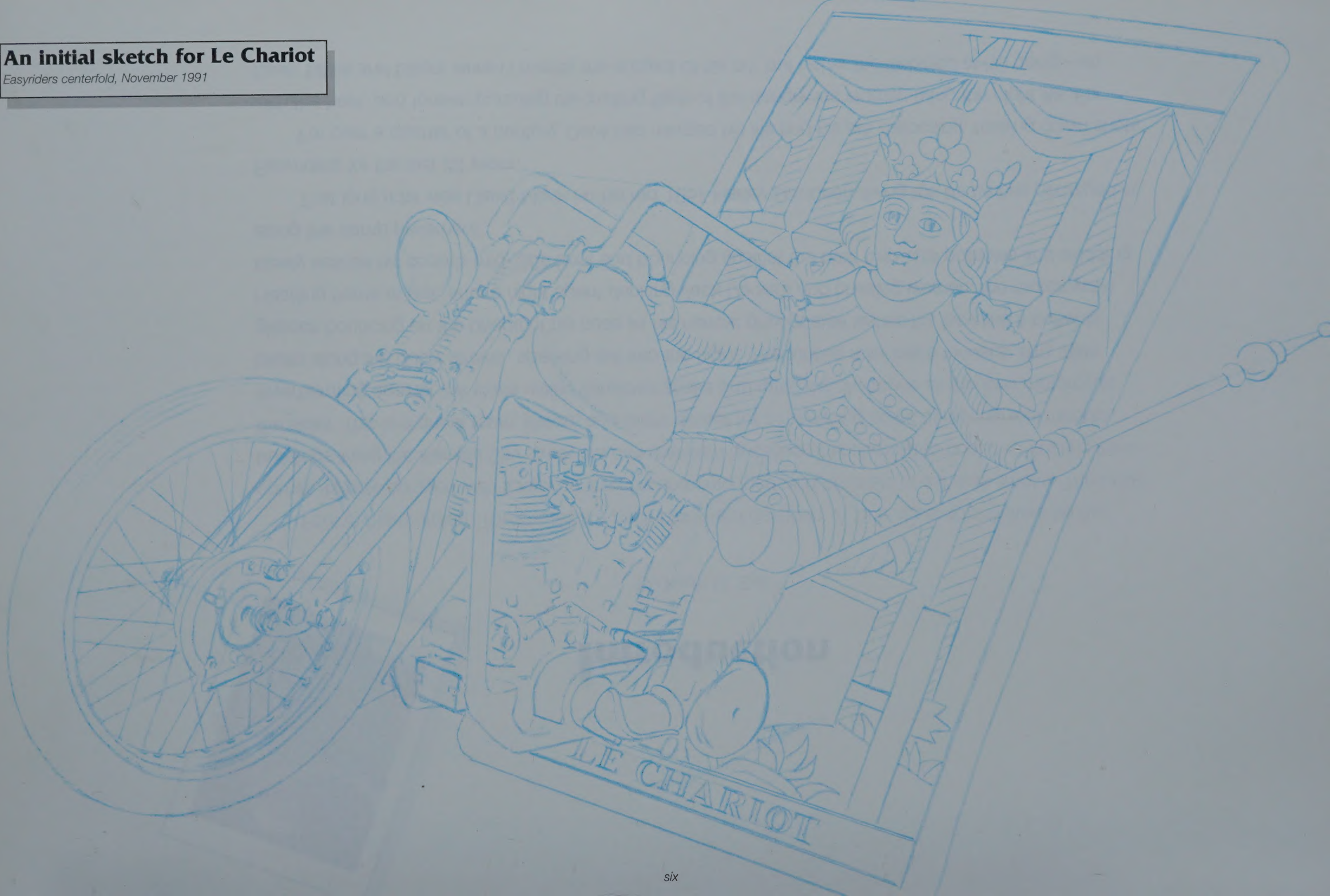
Four in the morning. The streets are pitch black and deserted. A lone street light flickers on the corner, its pole sprayed with fluorescent graffiti and smudged with 40 years of exhaust smoke. The brick buildings lining the Kansas City street are dark beneath decades of accumulated coal dust floating from the skies. This is a ghost town, lifeless and silent except for a menacing crack of mechanical thunder reverberating against the stone walls. Windows shake and rattle like skeletons as the lone motorcycle blasts along the dusty streets, sparking evil into the night. The furious rider leans forward, slim, dark glasses bouncing on the bridge of his nose as his narrow gray goatee lashes his face like a bullwhip. Heading home at last, after a night spent drinking Jack Daniel's and chasing women, the motorcyclist barely notices his scoot's mid-'30s front end bouncing against the bear trap-size potholes and skidding along the damp pavement.

That lone rider was David Mann on his red 1957 Harley-Davidson, living the life he has portrayed in *Easyriders* for the last 23 years.

For over a quarter of a century, Dave has merged his life and his art, carousing, tossing down shots with the best, and forever pursuing the inviting flesh of the dangerous women living the night life. For Dave, bikes and bikers weren't merely the subject of his art, but rather the lifeblood of his being—an

An initial sketch for Le Chariot

Easyriders centerfold, November 1991



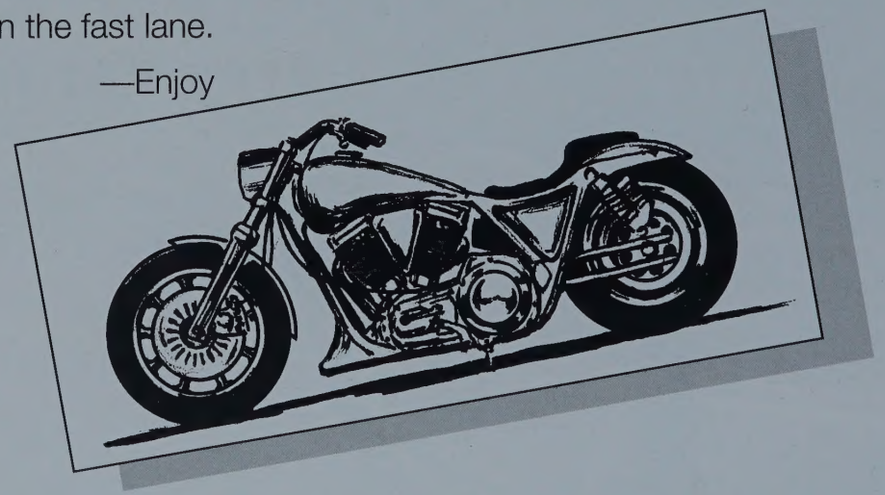
essence he captured every night with a sharp twist of his throttle. During the day, after the sun baked the dew from the grass and his brain had recovered from the previous night's excesses, Dave refined his skills on canvas, learning the finer points of airbrushing acrylic and gouache. Dave credits his father, the celebrated fine artist Paul J. Mann, as his primary influence.

A nomad by nature and an artist by birth, Dave moved from Kansas to the Florida coast, then followed the setting sun to Los Angeles. Along the way, Dave's artistic eye absorbed images from the beaches of Daytona, the landmarks of San Francisco, and the hard partying in the cornfields of the Midwest.

David has depicted his experiences, dreams, and lifestyle on the pages of *Easyriders*, the best-selling motorcycle magazine in the world. Today, Dave may still be seen blistering the streets of the L.A.-area beach community where he lives. That's him racing through the night astride a red chopper with a suicide clutch, a young woman clinging tightly to his waist. Behind his piercing blue eyes lurks the love of excitement only a bike can provide—the riding on the edge, the midnight danger, the speed, the beautiful women, and the freedom.

Dave's love of bikes and the biker lifestyle, his excursions into motorcycle innovation, and the events and people of his vast experience are brought together in this collection of more than 50 of his best paintings from *Easyriders*. The Mann himself personally chose each selection in this book, as well as adding a special assortment of fine art inspired by his father. The art appears in chronological order, depicting two decades in the evolution of life in the fast lane.

—Enjoy



Freedom Of The Road

When *Easyriders* published this centerspread over two decades ago, it was still a fledgling publication with the most unlikely readership in magazine history. And David Mann was relatively inexperienced, still shaping and improving the distinctive style which would eventually become uniquely his own as he evolved into America's premier motorcycle artist.

Viewed today, this centerspread is a time capsule in paint. The bell bottoms, the peace symbol, the radical rigid running without a front brake and sporting an extended front end with twisted rails—everything reflects the early '70s, when the painting was completed. The piece is also an early example of Dave's use of transition as a visual metaphor, a technique seen in later works contained in this book. Here, the biker and his willowy companion with the vacant expression are passing from darkness into light, from the foreboding background of storm clouds to the brightness of sailboats in a pleasant bay near the city.

In retrospect, there's an almost prophetic quality to the painting, since both Dave and the magazine would soon find their place in the sun, leaders in their respective fields.

Easyriders centerspread, February 1972

Hellhounds On My Trail

Like most bikers, Dave loves dogs . . . well, *most* of the time, anyway. Love has its limits, though, and the biker at the center of this lively scene has just about run out of patience with Man's Best Friend. Among those touchstone experiences shared by all riders—dropping the bike, forgetting to open the gas petcock, and so forth—is running afoul of a bunch of damned dogs. They seem harmless enough at first, looking bored and drowsy while sprawled in someone's front yard. But watch the transformation when they detect the sound of a bike heading their way—suddenly even the tiniest Chihuahua turns into Cujo, barking furiously and charging directly at the moving motorcycle.

Under the electrifying stimulus of a rolling target, even the fattest Fido seems capable of running alongside a scoot going 25 miles an hour, without once looking where he's going or missing a single opportunity to nip at the rider's ankles. Many a biker, infuriated by the pooches' persistence, has made the mistake of kicking at his tormentors, only to come close to losing control and joining them on the street.

An unusual contrast to the canine conflict depicted in this centerspread is the rich Currier and Ives quality of the setting. Dave painted a classic fall day—the bare trees, the ground wet from the autumn rain, and game birds taking flight from a field in the background. Also unusual is Dave's choosing to show the rider astride a 45 flathead, a bike he admires greatly, but rarely paints.

Easyriders centerspread, April 1978

DAVID MANN

Rubber-Kneed

These days it seems as if everyone falls into two big categories—filthy rich or dirt poor. While the bucks-down Hog-Ridin' Fool has to break his ass just to keep a little hi-test in the tank, his affluent counterpart may ride simply to keep up with the latest trend. Rather than risk rejection by the Perrier-drinking, sushi-eating, crowd of weenies he calls friends, he dashes down to the dealership, kicks the tires on an accessory-laden floor model, writes a personal check for $18,766.29, and rides off on his new fashion accessory.

But back in the days when a man had to live by his wits rather than his wallet, necessity mothered some pretty clever inventions. In this 1980 rendering of yet another rain-ravaged ride, the biker has transformed a couple of trashed inner tubes into protective gear for his legs. "We couldn't afford real chaps," Dave recalls, "so we had to improvise. During the rainy season, we'd oil our jeans till they'd stand up by themselves."

I love reminiscing about the good ol' days. Young guys could learn a lot from us old bikers, like the fact that 'way back then, water flew off the front tire in the wrong direction.

But try and tell that to kids these days . . . and they won't believe you.

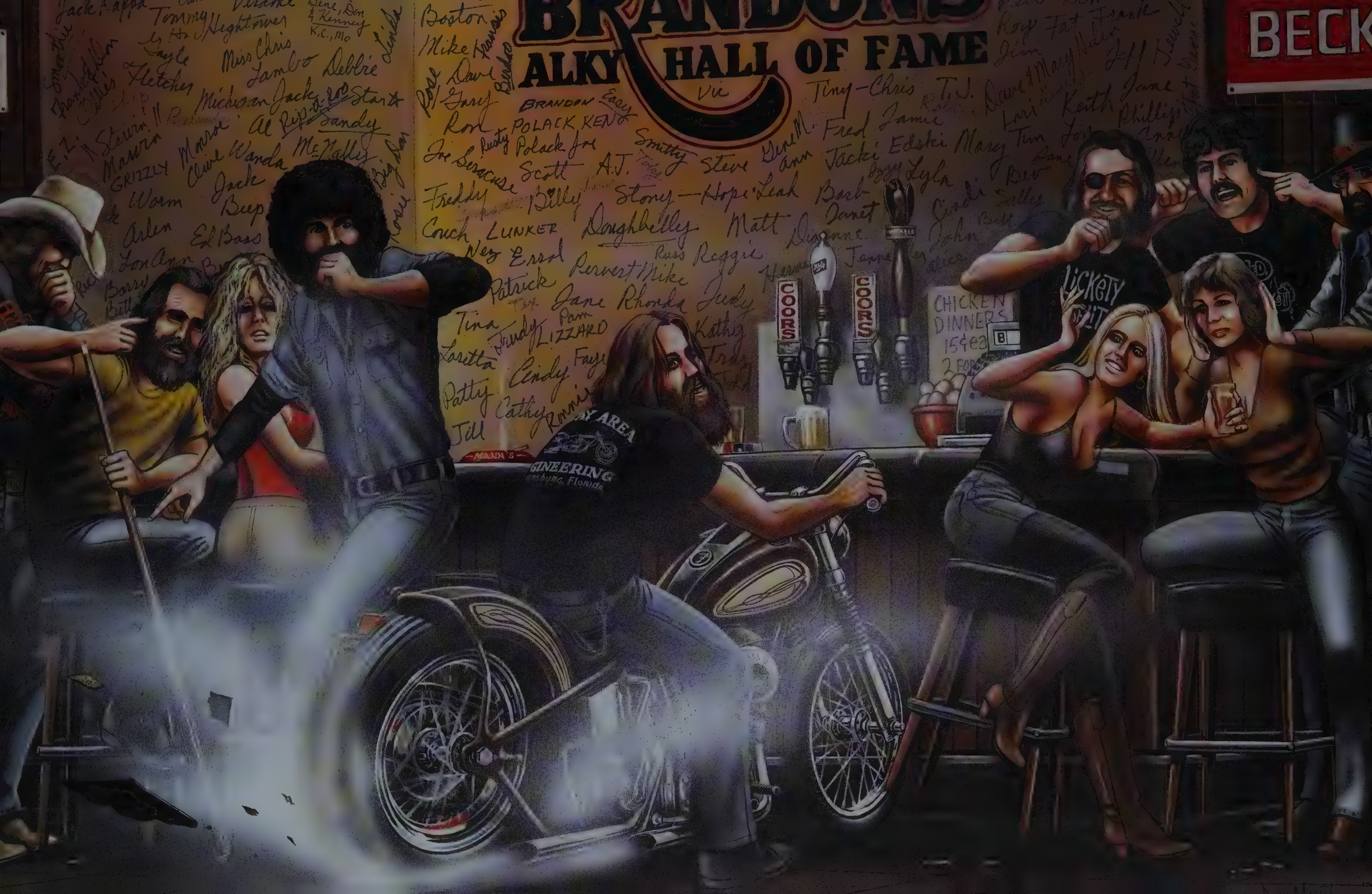
Easyriders centerspread, June 1980

Brandon's Alky Hall Of Fame

In 1980, Dave secured his bike to a trailer, stuffed some clothes in a bag, grabbed his prized record collection of hymns played on the sitar, and set out in search of adventure, fame, and romance in the glittery glare of laid-back Los Angeles. Not long after settling in, he paid this tribute to some special people back in his hometown, the Sunshine State.

Although the bar depicted here is imaginary, the old friends from Florida shown whooping it up at Brandon's are quite real. For example, there's Stoney, a good friend who was nailed on his way to work by a woman running a stop sign. Stoney is the guy on the bike, doing a burnout at the bar while the other patrons react to the ear-splitting entertainment. Gary Barbour makes an appearance, and at the far left, lost beneath his cowboy hat, is none other than Arlen Ness. Then there's Brandon himself, the guy toward the right wearing an eye patch. It was Brandon who stayed up till the wee hours one night, helping Dave scribble all those names on the wall as a chronicle and tribute to his friends in Florida—as well as some new ones in California.

Easyriders centerspread, July 1980


BRANDONS
ALKY HALL OF FAME
BECK
COORS
COORS
CHICKEN DINNERS
15¢ea
LICKETY
MANN'S
GINEERING

Peel Out

Here we observe the classic "Peel Out Passenger-Plop," a venerable maneuver guaranteed to put a smile on the face of an onlooker and road rash on the butt of a passenger. Some gals are unbelievably selfish. They get pitched off a few times and a little case of Asphalt Ass makes 'em start whinin' for a sissybar to hang on to. Can you believe that? As if a guy's gonna spoil his machine's clean lines and smooth profile with an ugly hunk of bent steel—gimme a break.

The bike's operator is often as surprised as the passenger when the front end lifts up. Hell, one look at the big-bore mill stuffed into that rigid frame should tell anyone that this sumbitch probably pops a first-gear wheelie every time. So if the gal got street tar in her tush, it's her own fault.

Dave agrees, "It's like those taped-up storefront windows in the background. Nobody meant to break the glass, but the guys probably got a little carried away with their choppin' and kickin' one day. Likewise, you don't always plan wheelies." Then he paused dramatically before adding, "But you do when you do."

I'm still working on that last part.

Easyriders centerspread, January 1981

GIRLS WINE
KARATE
KUNG FU
JUDO

Saturday Night/Sunday Morning

In this 1981 centerspread, a Moral Majority married couple heads for Sunday School with their bratty offspring in tow. But the security of their sanitized world is shattered by the appearance of Tattooed Bikers from Hell. To the woman in the passenger seat, they are a pair of demons straight out of the scriptures she clutches tightly in fear. No wonder she's scared—she detects the offensive odor of sex, drugs, sex, violence, sex, crime . . . and sex. Meanwhile, her husband's attempt to act nonchalant fails miserably. Each group looks at the other as if observing bizarre creatures captured in a far-off land and placed on exhibit at the zoo. The bikers intend no harm, though they clearly find the couple's behavior and their kids' antics amusing. Perhaps these people see what they might have been had they taken a different path on the Road of Life.

I'm not sure about the folks in the station wagon, but I'll bet the bikers thank the Lord for directing their feet to the Path of Righteousness.

Easyriders centerspread, March 1981

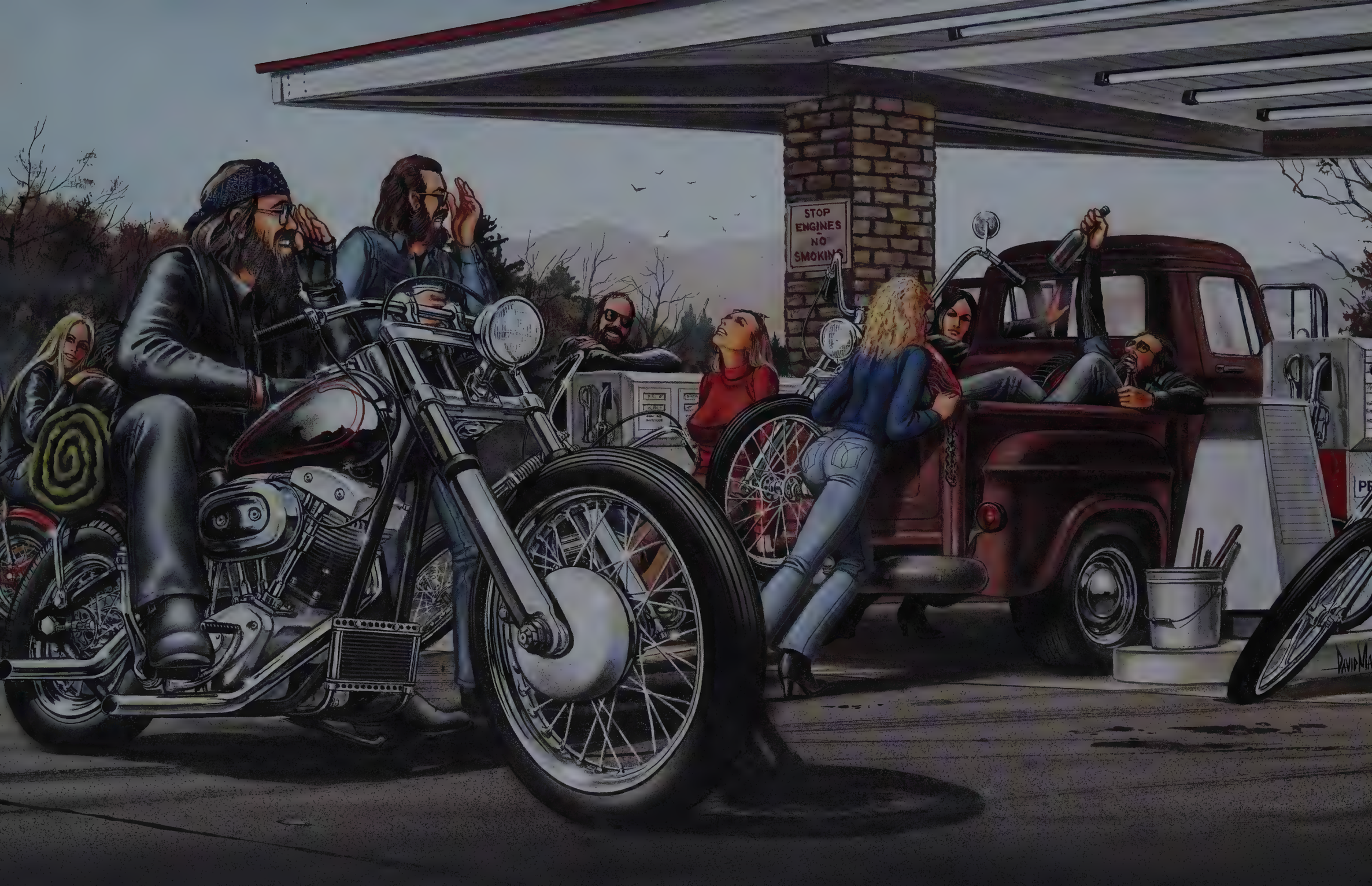
C'mon, Girls—Push! Push!

Dave revives a favorite theme in this entertaining gas station vignette—man's inhumanity to chicks . . . or something like that.

Anyway, the pickup is out of gas (odd, being the one vehicle with a gauge), the guy in the truck bed is full of antifreeze, and the women are sore. Moreover, as if the whole fiasco weren't bad enough already, the two agitators on the left watch gleefully, humiliating the gals further with their rude taunts.

Oh, well. The blasted biker will sleep it off and forget what he did to piss off his ol' lady. No problem, though—she'll be delighted to remind him frequently and forcefully. She'll probably forgive him eventually, but I have a hunch I've already seen the script for the next few days. They'll be making a movie titled "Guess Who Doesn't Get Laid Tonight."

Easyriders centerspread, May 1981


STOP
ENGINES
-
NO

Turkeys Steal A Turkey

Dave admits a special fondess for this one, although he's too modest to elaborate beyond saying that he thinks it's "forceful." Hard to argue with that. He wanted to depict "two rednecks taking whatever they could get away with, but meaning no real harm." Maybe so, but what's the significance of the peculiar, almost deranged, expressions on the bikers' faces? It has been suggested that these lads are hangarounds sent to liberate a turkey for the bros back at the clubhouse. What—*stealing* on the day set aside for counting our blessings and giving thanks for them? Well, why not—they didn't get caught. And after all, everybody knows that God helps them that helps themselves.

Easyriders centerspread, November 1982

TURKEY FARM
1 MILE

Kiss On A Dare

This impromptu street drama unfolds not simply at the intersection of Main and Truman, but at the momentary intersection of three generations and lifestyles. Dave's perceptive vision captures a teenage rite of passage in the country's heartland, with characters evocative of his own youth—girls eyeing the biker with a giddy mixture of fear and fascination. As Dave remarked about the adventurous one who accepts her friend's dare and leans out the window for a brush with the forbidden, "Girls love good bikes and bad boys." And bringing up the rear, appropriately enough, is the familiar middle-aged sorehead, fuming with anger and consumed with envy.

Easyriders centerspread, August 1983

MAIN
TRUMAN RD
S MAIL
GT
DAVID MANN

Prospect

This painting sums up what bikers mean when they say, "Snooze, ya lose." The would-be club member is readily identified by the prospect patch sewn to his outfit. His guts awash with Jack Black and unable to keep his bloodshot eyes open, he drifted off to sleep, only to be discovered by his future brothers. So the guy's kindly support group demonstrates the use of such mnemonic devices as mustard and beer to help him remember to stay awake at future gatherings.

Actually, the kid is getting off easy. As Dave remarked, "At least, they didn't set him on fire." And if he's found sleeping when he should have been alertly guarding the bikes . . . well, better call 911.

Easyriders centerspread, September 1983

GENUINE
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
ROSPECT

A Moving Experience

When asked why the men were guzzling beer without lifting a finger to help the women lug heavy boxes to the truck, Dave replied, "Women are the real organizers. They know where everything goes. The guys are tired, so they're kickin' back with a brew."

Now, there's probably a woman or two out there—maybe three or four, even—who will disagree with that interpretation. These ornery females probably think the painting shows two no-class, lazy louts taking advantage of a couple of obviously annoyed women who are too good-hearted to insist the bastards get off their asses and help. How else, these panty-wearing, self-appointed art critics ask, can you explain the expressions on the women's faces?

Naturally, it would be easy for me to write a devastating and humiliating rebuttal to that preposterously biased, feminist interpretation. But I've decided to take the high road and therefore won't dignify such hysterical nonsense with a response. But damn, females can sure try a man's patience. Like Dave says, "Women—you can't live with 'em, and you can't live with 'em."

Easyriders centerspread, January 1984

45 PARTS
KITCHEN
BATH

Welcome To Daytona

For bikers living in parts of the country with serious winters, no event is more eagerly anticipated than the return of spring with its good riding weather. Dreams of balmy skies and sun-drenched rides have sustained many a motorcyclist through the dreary, frozen days of a seemingly endless winter. Daytona is both a great celebration of the return of riding weather, as well as the year's first major gathering of the tribes.

Dave used to live in Clearwater, near Tampa, back when Daytona was *the* bike event of the year. Coming from the balmy shores of the Gulf of Mexico, he and his friends brought no depressing tales of winter's wrath to exchange with brothers and sisters from New England or the Great Lakes region. Nevertheless, arriving in Daytona brought the same sense of release and renewal. "When you crossed that bridge, you knew you were there," Dave recalls fondly. This work portrays a Southern Florida contingent (notice the light clothes and gear) at that special moment when the bike pilgrimage officially reaches its destination.

Easyriders centerspread, March 1984

WELCOM TO
DAYTONA
DAVID MANN

Pride Goeth Before A Butt Show

Since the very first appearance of Dave's art in the pages of *Easyriders*, his devoted fans have subjected his work to intense scrutiny—if a wheel is missing a single spoke or a tire lacks a tiny valve stem, their eagle eyes are certain to spot it. Although this search for microscopic flaws may seem petty, it demonstrates the fanatical interest Dave's fans have for his work. Rendering simultaneous actual and reflected views poses a thorny problem for any artist, but Dave went for it anyway, knowing that his fans would immediately pounce on even the slightest oversight.

The peculiar details of *desrever ytilaer* make this piece especially entertaining. Frozen in time is that critical moment just before fun turns into fear and laughter into lamentation. This unfortunate biker, momentarily lost in admiring the mirror image of his own stylish profiling, is about to receive a lesson in humility from the VW stopped at the light. The girl's reflected expression tells the whole story of a disaster she sees coming, but is helpless to prevent. Dave balances the scene's hold-your-breath tension by an essentially humorous treatment of the subject. One thing's for sure—for years to come, this guy will be hearing about the time he flashed his ass just when he thought he'd achieved a new level of cool.

Easyriders centerspread, June 1984

HARDWICKS
DENTIST
79TH
MAIN
DRUG
1800

Rumble Inn

As any fan knows, many of Dave's creations involve the bizarre, the surreal, and/or the supernatural. His skill at representing the weird and the eccentric is undeniable. But he also possesses a special talent for down-to-earth works that capture the essence of experiences familiar to nearly all bikers.

In the present instance, some yo-yo parked his dinkass import in front of a biker bar and is now suffering the consequences of his own stupidity. He's reluctant to seek the bike's owner and ask that he move it. But he won't get any volunteer assistance—the sidewalk crowd makes a big show of being involved in other business, too preoccupied even to notice his plight. Maybe next time the guy will pay more attention to signs, particularly the specially modified type like the one shown here.

"Justice is served," was all Dave had to say about this slice of what-goes-around-comes-around. Damn right, Dave—you said a mouthful.

Easyriders centerspread, November 1984

RUMBLE INN
ES
LERY
BIKE
PARKING
ONLY

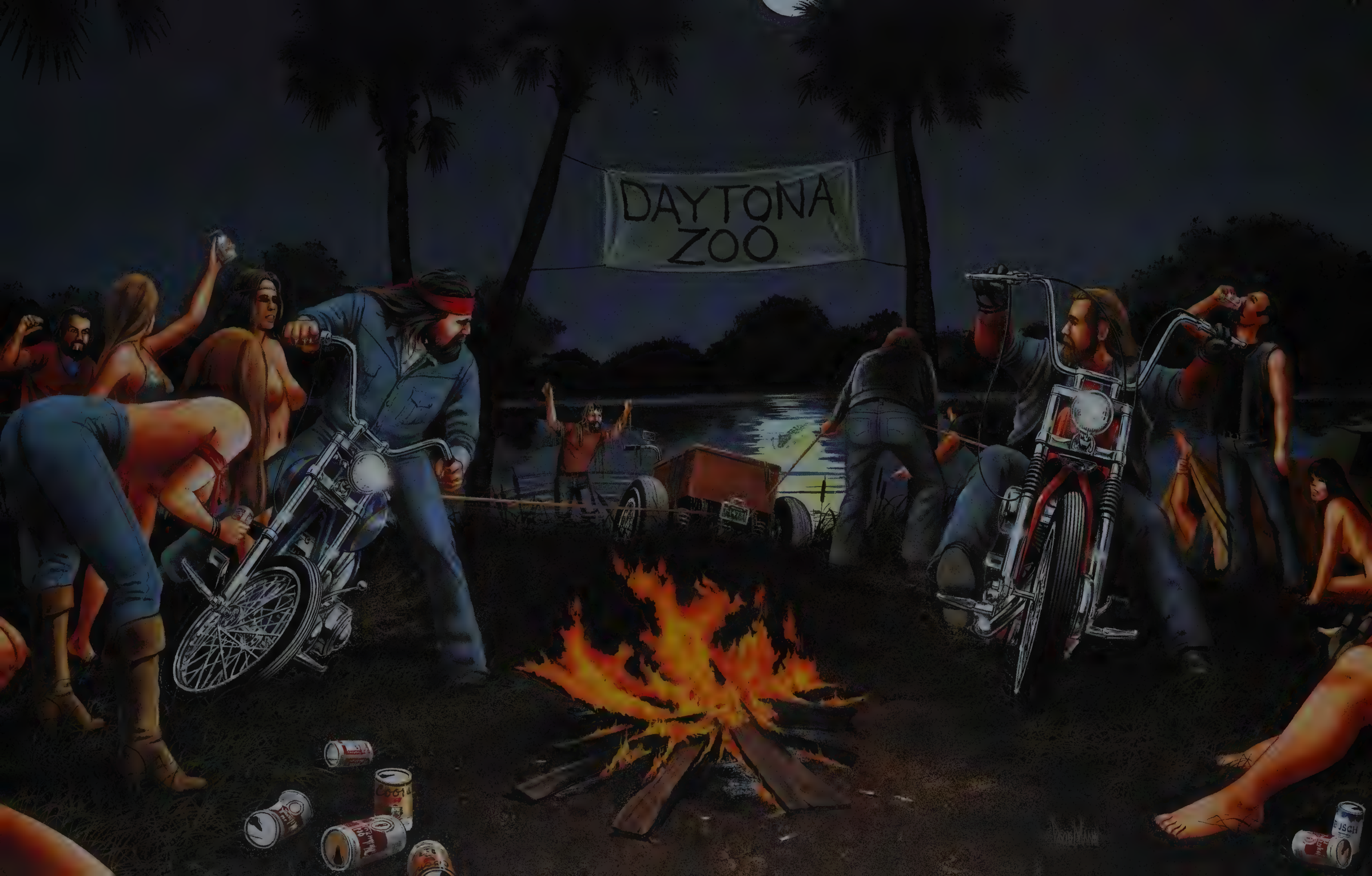
Daytona Zoo

The Daytona Zoo was the name given to Party Headquarters, a spot where Dave and his buddies used to camp during Speed Week. Isolated and private, the Zoo provided a perfect setting for such traditional biker party games as Haul the Drunk Guy's Trike Outta the Water, Swallow My Torque Wrench, Simon Sez Get Fried, and of course, Pin the Tail Anywhere You Can.

The clothed men and unclothed women are reminiscent of French Impressionist Edouard Manet's painting titled "Luncheon on the Grass." If I'm not mistaken, a couple of guys at the Zoo seem to be enjoying an outdoor snack themselves.

"The Daytona Zoo," Dave recalls fondly, "meant gettin' nekkid, camping, and full-bore partying. Hell, sometimes we didn't even make it into town. We were just having too much fun right there."

Easyriders centerspread, March 1986


DAYTONA
ZOO

Eyes In The Sky

Dave Mann has done a number of paintings featuring a rider who seems to have broken free of the bonds of his own two-dimensional depiction. The theme of escape from a different reality is clear in this 1986 centerspread. The motorcycle and its rider explode through the page like a bullet fired at the viewer from directly behind the page.

Dave regards the elements in the painting—the bucolic setting, the eyes floating among the clouds, and the woman emerging from the mountain—as symbolic of a rite of passage, a transition from bad to good: "To me, the darkness behind the rider stands for anything negative, from human mortality to life's everyday hassles.The bike becomes the vehicle—literally—carrying its rider beyond those limitations into the light, into a better world."

Easyriders centerspread, November 1986

Fuzz Busters

A biker prank is the subject of this 1987 centerspread. Having rolled up silently behind their buddies, a pair of fun-loving fools hit the red lights, crank up the bullhorn, and watch the fun begin. The startled, pissed expression on the riders' faces indicate just how much they enjoy highway high jinks.

"Yeah," says Dave, "back in Florida there were a couple of guys who'd rig the car like that and sneak up behind people, maybe turn the engine off so they'd go completely undetected. One blast from the amplified horn would send your nuts up to your collarbone."

Like the old saying puts it, with friends like that, who needs enemies?

Easyriders centerspread, April 1987

BUD & DEB'S
BAR
FUZZ

Redwood Run

Dave is a big fan of the venerable Redwood Run, one of California's oldest and most popular biking events. "The trees, the breeze, not a care, clean air," Dave said, briefly lapsing into poetry. "Cruisin' along on my bike—that's where I'd like to be." He is particularly fond of this area of the country and creating this centerspread was a labor of love. The painting's striking composition, its evocative, arboreal colors, the vitality of its people, its carefully textured surfaces, and perhaps most of all, its meticulous attention to detail reflect the special bond between the artist and these ancient trees.

Easyriders centerspread, June 1987

Golden Gate Bridge Break

San Francisco is one of Dave's favorite places. In this particularly scenic effort, the city's most celebrated landmark provides the background for this portrait of a slightly road-weary rider enjoying a relaxing break.

Dave's very first centerspread, "Frisco Night," appeared in the third issue of *Easyriders*, 'way back in 1971. It's interesting to compare that piece to its 1988 counterpart shown here. The 1971 item shows a seamy street where a sinister-looking outlaw biker has stopped at the crest of a hill overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. Astride a fully chopped motorcycle, he passes a lighted joint back to his female passenger. By contrast, the biker in the later work is conventionally dressed (for riding, that is), rides a stock Evolution Softail, and drinks a Pepsi. Clearly, the face of biking changed dramatically during the 16 years that separate the two centerspreads.

Explaining his fascination for the City by the Bay, Dave remarked, "There's something really romantic about the Golden Gate Bridge—the fog, the atmosphere. Day or night, it's a great place to stop, take a break, and look around. What can I say—I just really like it."

Easyriders centerspread, February 1988

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
DAVID MANN

Busted Belt Bummer

There's a strange process nobody really understands that turns a bad experience into something pleasant (for want of a better word) when it's transformed into art. People flock to the movies to witness murder, mayhem, heartbreak, war, and any number of other calamities they would never actually want to experience themselves. Maybe that phenomenon is behind the unvarying popularity of Dave's centerspreads known as the Pain In The Butt Series.

In the present example, the hapless biker sees his worst fears realized—a defunct primary belt and his friends, unaware of his problem, about to enter the freeway mixmaster. Already he's got to be wondering how long it will take them to realize he's not around, and how much time will be required for them to backtrack through the concrete maze and locate him—if they ever do.

I know the feeling. If life was a poker game, by now I'd have shot the dealer. After all, how many crappy hands can you write off to coincidence?

Easyriders centerspread, March 1988

CAL
JCKY

Easyriders Drag Bike

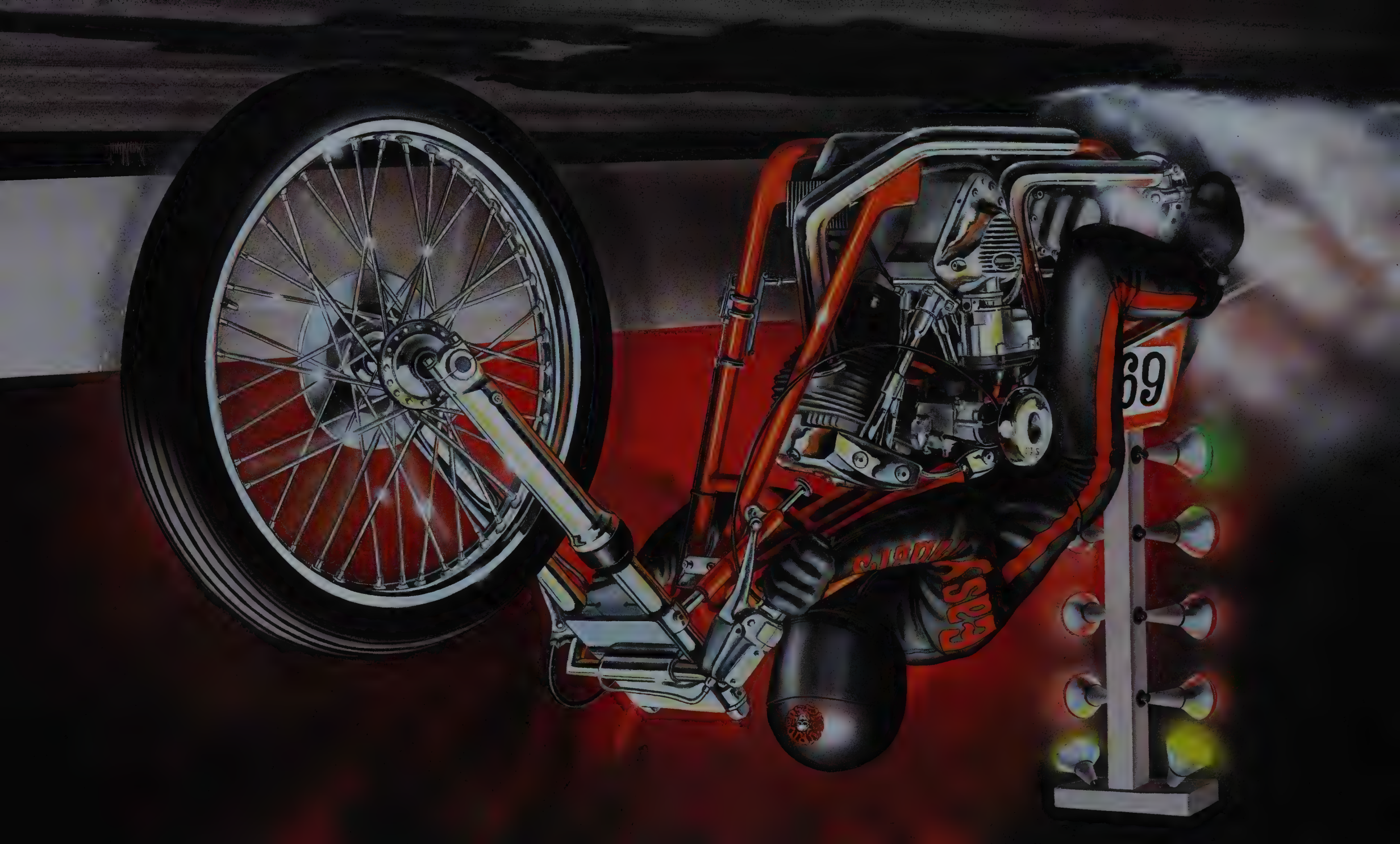
Sometime during the late '80s, all-Harley drag races revived the sport from the doldrums it languished in ever since Jap scoots began dominating the sport. The Jap bikes were fast, but not much fun to watch, so the thrill-starved fans embraced all-Harley drags with tremendous enthusiasm. *Easyriders* receives a steady volume of mail urging the magazine to sponsor a drag bike, something along the lines of its celebrated, record-setting Streamliner.

Although the *Easyriders* dragster is still only an idea, it is nonetheless an idea with considerable appeal. So Dave decided he would create an airbrushed strip screamer even if it existed only in the pages of the magazine. The result—a fire-spewing, eardrum-shattering, rubber-shredding monster caught immediately after it burns past the Christmas tree lights.

Dave is a big fan of drag racing. "I really like drag bikes and drag racing," he remarks. "The billows of smelly smoke, the deafening noise, the nonstop action—can't beat it."

What can I say? When he's right, he's right.

Easyriders centerspread, April 1988


69

Cross Country '88

This provocative effort from 1988 shows an apparently tense moment just prior to the biker's leaving for a lengthy excursion across the nation.

"Does the expression on the woman's face," I asked, "indicate that she has a problem with the long bike trip her ol' man is about to take?"

A psychiatrist might conclude a lot of things about our favorite artist by studying the pronouns appearing in Dave's answer to my question. What follows is a verbatim transcript of Dave's reply, taken directly from the interview tape (emphasis mine): "That's *my* '47 Ford in the background, in the garage. *I'm* packing up, getting ready to go. *She's* definitely not going. *He's* going to leave *her* behind, going to head off without *her*. There's no room for *you*."

Dave's schizophrenic use of the personal pronoun makes you wonder if he's ever left the little woman to keep the home fires burning while he launched himself onto the highway. He won't tell, but adds that the gal in the painting has no reason to complain. "She knew he intended to go; the trip was no surprise. And anyway, the bike only has a solo seat."

Right, Dave.

Easyriders centerspread, June 1988

HARLEY
DAVIDSON
CROSS
COUNTRY

Rolling Tornado: The Black Shadow

No motorcycle has captured the imagination of knowledgeable riders everywhere like the legendary Vincent Black Shadow, the crown jewel of limey motorcycles.

Like the blue-black allure of a finely-crafted pistol, the Vincent radiated a brutal beauty all its own. Beneath the no-nonsense tank painted a funereal Bottomless Black, a mammoth motor filled the bike's frame to overflowing with a dense maze of steel.

This caged whirlwind of barely-subdued raw power asked no quarter and gave none. The Black Shadow was an intimidating juggernaut on wheels, with a 1000cc V-twin heart capable of propelling the bike to astonishing—and frightening—speeds. Recalling the awesome power of tornadoes he had witnessed while living in Kansas, Dave chose a twister's funnelled fury as the fitting backdrop for the biker who blasts across the centerspread, relishing the enormous power at his fingertips.

Today, this unique motorcycle still carries a mystique respected by riders fiercely devoted to other machines. Many bikers whose fanatical dedication to Harley-Davidson borders on the obsessive nonetheless retain a lifelong fascination for the Vincent. Consider, for example, the following remarks by two *Easyriders* staffers. Over the course of their riding careers, each man has demonstrated unflagging loyalty to the Milwaukee Marvel, yet will forever remain in awe of this British Behemoth. First, Dave Mann himself: "As far back as I can remember, I've always wanted to own a Black Shadow—it's a real terror. Just *seeing* one is a humbling experience."

Bandit, staff writer and *de facto* Company Bouncer, had this to say: "Dave and I were both impressed by the Vincent at an early age. The first V-twin I ever saw was a Vincent, and I can still recall every detail of that massive engine. The bike looked like a locomotive. I distinctly remember feeling a little shiver go up my spine and thinking, 'This thing is *scary.*'"

Easyriders centerspread, August 1988

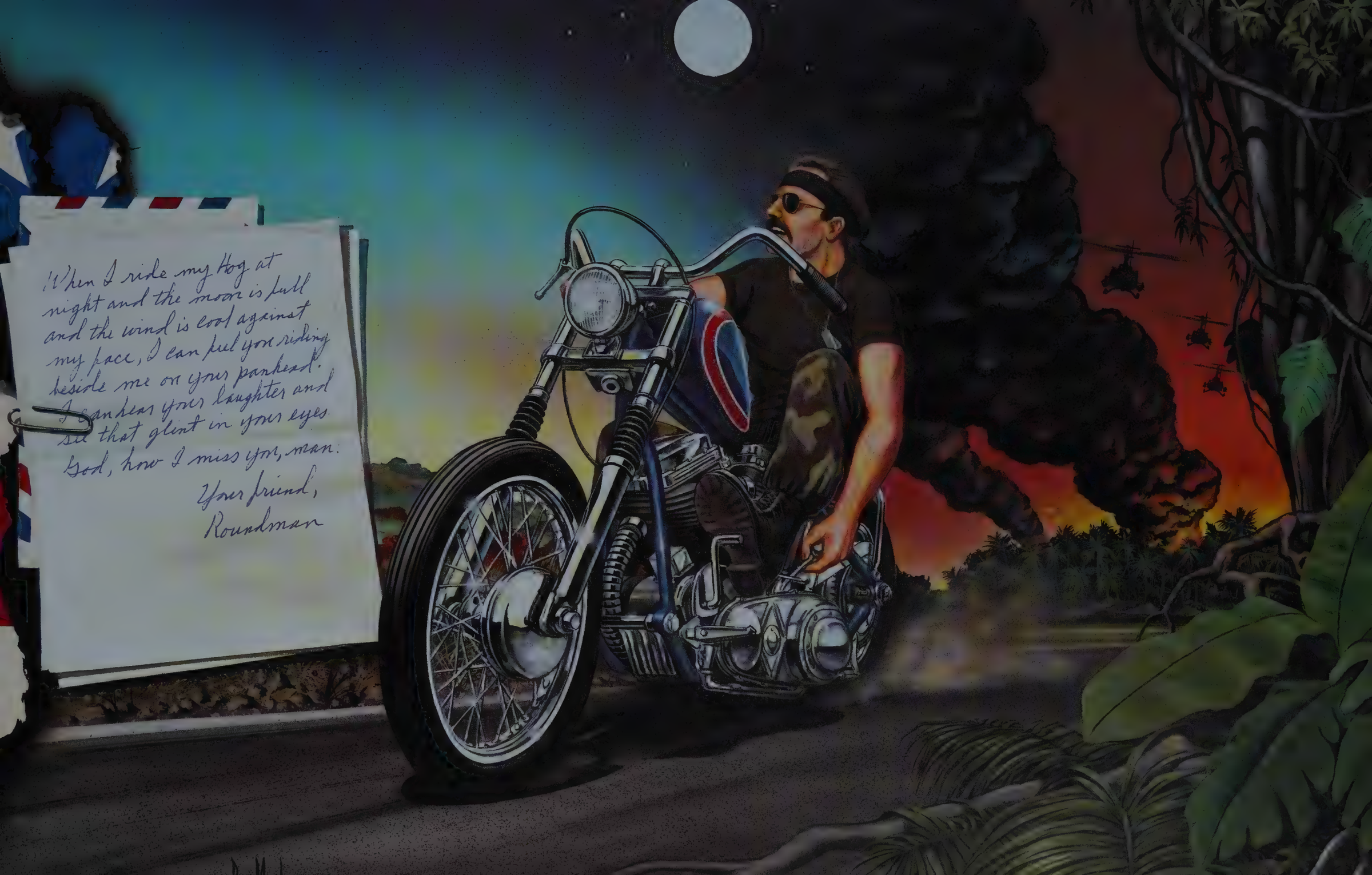
Vietnam: Letter To A Lost Bro

This poignant centerspread was inspired by an actual letter sent to *Easyriders* in 1988, 20 years after the Tet Offensive and the end of the Vietnam War. Some wars never really end, though—certainly not for people like Roundman, who saw friendships forged in combat end in a single, terrible instant. When that happens, the survivor carries a wound that cannot heal, a wound as real as any inflicted by an enemy bullet.

Wearing camouflage fatigues and combat boots, a motorcycling GI rides away from the highway to hell, a death route through the enemy-infested jungles of Vietnam. The viewer can almost feel the rhythmic, concussive thump of the helicopters in the background and almost smell the acrid smoke billowing skyward from the burning wreckage of a chopper, perhaps the one Roundman's bro died in.

RIP, brother.

Easyriders centerspread, September 1988


When I ride my Hog at
night and the moon is full
and the wind is cool against
my face, I can feel you riding
beside me on your panhead.
I can hear your laughter and
see that glint in your eyes.
God, how I miss you, man.
Your friend,
Roundman

Ladies Love Outlaws

Somewhere in Hollywood, Dream And Scream Capital of America:

The dense rush hour traffic slows, then stops altogether. The aristocratic bulk of the Rolls Royce is conspicuous even in this particularly gaudy traffic jam. Hearing the rhythmic thump of an idling Harley, Tiffany glances indifferently to her left.

Her heart races madly. It's *him*—the mysterious, black-garbed, Wet Dream Wonder who haunts her sleep. Outwardly calm, but a volcano of excitement within, she opens the car window. The rider's eyes bore into her innermost heart, leaving her flustered and suddenly tongue-tied. Impetuously, she removes the rose from the cleavage between her heaving breasts and offers it to the rugged loner.

Tiffany ignores the indignant sputtering coming from Casper, her spineless, ineffectual, husband. With the certainty of revelation, she sees that her destiny is not with the filthy-rich cocktail weenie she married. She *must* escape her velvet prison and flee with this compelling stranger. Her breathless agony of hope and fear becomes a flash flood of joy when the charismatic nomad reaches out to accept the flower she offers.

Just at that moment, her eye falls on the motorcycle's solo seat.

Easyriders centerfold, November 1988

Harley Sleigh Ride

Anyone who has followed Dave's work over the years knows that he has a special knack for seasonal paintings, especially when the season is Christmas. Here the Harley's tires have been modified with snow spikes to provide traction as a biker takes a couple of excited kids for the ride of their lives. By the way, that's Dave's dog, Gizmo, riding up front.

Easyriders centerspread, December 1988

HARLEY-
SLEIGH

Buccaneer Biker/Biker Buccaneer

An unusual variation in the Ghost Rider Series is this spectacular rendering of the biker as pirate or, if you prefer, the pirate as biker. The subject is well-chosen—only the deadest, most wimpy male heart fails to beat a little faster when the talk turns to buried treasure, exotic ports, and tales of seafaring sociopaths like Henry Morgan, William Kidd, and Edward Teach. That desperado élan is captured in the salty figure of the eye patch-wearing biker, a self-reliant loner like his colorful 17th century counterpart who plundered the Caribbean.

Sharing the spotlight is a pirate helmsman, shown in painstaking detail against a backdrop of enormous ocean waves that seem to heave and crest as you watch them. It's enough to make a landlubber gag on his grog.

Dave says his father once made a beautiful gold-inlaid plaque bearing the legend we see carved into the ship's wheel held by the pirate in the painting. The words are ancient Latin, but the advice is timeless: "Don't let the bastards get you down."

Easyriders centerspread, August 1980

Slip-Slidin' Away: Crazy Dave's Broadslide

The Shores in Oxnard, California, is one of the artist's favorite hangouts. This 1989 self-portrait features a typical Mann bike—jockey shift, ratchet top, suicide clutch, open primary, and VL springer front end. The painting also showcases one of Dave's favorite maneuvers, his patented Banzai Broadslide. According to the editor of this book, when Dave lived in Florida, he was fond of startling the local one-per-centers by throwing his machine into an apparently out-of-control broadslide before coming to a stop mere inches from their gleaming, carefully parked scoots.

What does Dave have to say about his renown penchant for scary scooter stunts? "I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I just like broadslides and wheelstands." He paused thoughtfully for a moment, then quietly added, "Guess I *am* gettin' too old for that, though."

Whatever you say, Dave. But next time I stop at The Shores for a quick one, I'm parking my bike around back.

Easyriders centerspread, October 1989

1031
THE
Shores

'Dem Bones, 'Dem Bones

In this striking work, the skeleton rider and his living companion erupt from the very jaws of death, surrounded by a cloudless sky ripped apart by violent electrical discharge. When asked to comment on the bike-riding boners depicted in this surreal, apocalyptic piece, Dave laughed and said, "Everybody likes skulls and bones—you know, hell on wheels and all that stuff." Most viewers will find these demonic riders, starkly vivid against the horrific background from which they emerge, a haunting image, not soon forgotten.

Easyriders centerspread, November 1989

So Long Cold—Hello Daytona

Six years after "Welcome To Daytona" (included in this book) appeared as an *Easyriders* centerspread, Dave returned to the theme of Daytona as the symbol of spring's rebirth. Unlike the earlier painting, the scene in this 1990 work is not a specific location welcoming (quite literally) a group of southern Florida bikers to Daytona. Instead, the transition from the imprisonment of cold to the liberation of warmth is expressed as a visual metaphor, depicting the imaginary spot where icy highways of winter turn into sunny roads of spring.

Winter without end becomes deliverance in Daytona.

Easyriders centerspread, April 1990

SO LONG
COLD
HELLO
DAYTONA

Fight For Your Rights

Invariably, bikers bear the brunt of legislative overkill, the victims of laws directed at them by legislators secure in the knowledge (or so they believe) that motorcyclists are without political leverage and that no one really cares what happens to such a fringe group. Too often, the politicians' strategy pays off, and the result of their smug, elitist attitude is yet another law suppressing personal freedom.

Dave painted this centerspread back when motorcyclists' rights awareness was flourishing and rider involvement was great. But now, only a few years later, bikers are beset with helmet law revivals and other forms of repressive legislation. In this stirring work with Lady Liberty at its center, Dave sounds the alarm, calling upon each and every biker to become involved with these matters. The exhortation is a call for bikers to protect their unique way of life: Fight For Your Rights.

Easyriders centerspread, July 1990

IN CONGRESS
FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS
BIG BROTHER
WANTS YOU!

Flyin' Flamin' Phantom

In this arresting centerspread from 1991, Dave combines two of his favorite motifs, flames and the skeleton rider. In doing so, he creates the illusion of three distinctly different surfaces used to convey the visual and tactile sensations of heat and fire.

To begin with, there's the three-dimensional illusion of an expanse of paper and the gritty, flaky texture of burned edges surrounding a hole. The hole, of course, was left when the unholy rider burst through the page and into the viewer's consciousness. Next, there's the conventionally-proportioned realism of the bike and the blazing, bony biker. Finally, the left side of the work shows the classic flames design as it would appear on smooth metal—a fender or gas tank, for example.

The bottom line? Dave's airbrush alchemy conjures up an eerie and powerful work of art.

Easyriders centerspread, August 1990

Window To The Past

As American as the war bonnet-clad chief gracing its front fender, the Indian motorcycle holds a special place in the hearts of bikers. Sadly, the days are gone when the Indian rivaled the Harley as King of the American Road. But like the larger-than-life figures in the tribal legends of Native Americans, the Indian continues to fire the imaginations of motorcycle enthusiasts everywhere.

This centerspread is an effective and imaginative departure from Dave's more familiar style and viewpoint. Glorious and gleaming in its trademark red splendor, this Indian Chief is shown in a natural setting, framed by the weather-beaten wood of a cabin window and surrounded by floating icons of biking's past and present. Dave presents the viewer with a window to the past, inviting him to admire a memorable artifact of American history.

Easyriders centerspread, November 1990

Indian
Indian
Indian
Indian

Easyriders 20th Anniversary

In this 1991 centerspread, Dave commemorates Easyriders' 20th year of uninterrupted publication. Beneath a winged anniversary shield and against an interstellar backdrop, four bikers ride the cracked pavement of a clock face, each man and machine embodying a stage in custom motorcycling's proud history.

On the far right, biking's youth is embodied in a knucklehead-powered custom. Symbolic of the period are the arm-numbing apehangers, the primitive sissybar, and the rider's post-war biking uniform: T-shirt and jeans with rolled cuffs. The next scoot is indicative of the '60s—panhead engine, Z bars, stretched front end, padded sissybar, and upswept fishtail exhaust pipes. The rider of the '70s favored a more practical ride, represented here by the shovelhead with its straight bars, velocity stack, and shorty pipes. The '80s and beyond are suggested by the blockhead-driven machine on the left—a high-tech future, but one retaining the classic Harley-Davidson look.

Finally, no celebration of *Easyriders'* success would be complete—or even possible—without paying tribute to the man whose creative genius gave birth to the publication, and whose unique vision for so many years made it the freshest, most outrageous, least predictable magazine in the history of periodical publishing. Riding the bike on the far left is the man who made it all happen, Lou Kimzey.

Easyriders centerspread, June 1991

20
Easyriders
YEARS

Canvasback

The idea of the living tattoo has inspired such works as disparate as Ray Bradbury's "The Illustrated Man" and this 1991 David Mann centerspread.

The tattooist's hands, embellished with designs and symbols seen in other paintings by Dave, seem to be creating skin art that embraces (or at least, shows) both good and evil. To the left, a happy couple ride through a pleasant countryside beneath the benevolent arc of a rainbow. To the right, a half-skeleton biker rides toward life, while the tattoo artist, guiding the needles, riddles the subject's back with minuscule, ink-filled punctures.

But look again—first impressions can be deceptive. Could that be a half-biker skeleton riding toward death?

An example of *trompe l'oeil* (literally, "trick of the eye"), this David Mann tour de force confounds our ordinary expectations of spatial relationships. Though cryptic, the work is nonetheless vaguely disturbing. After all, does that left hand belong to the tattooist or to the tattoo?

Easyriders centerspread, October 1991

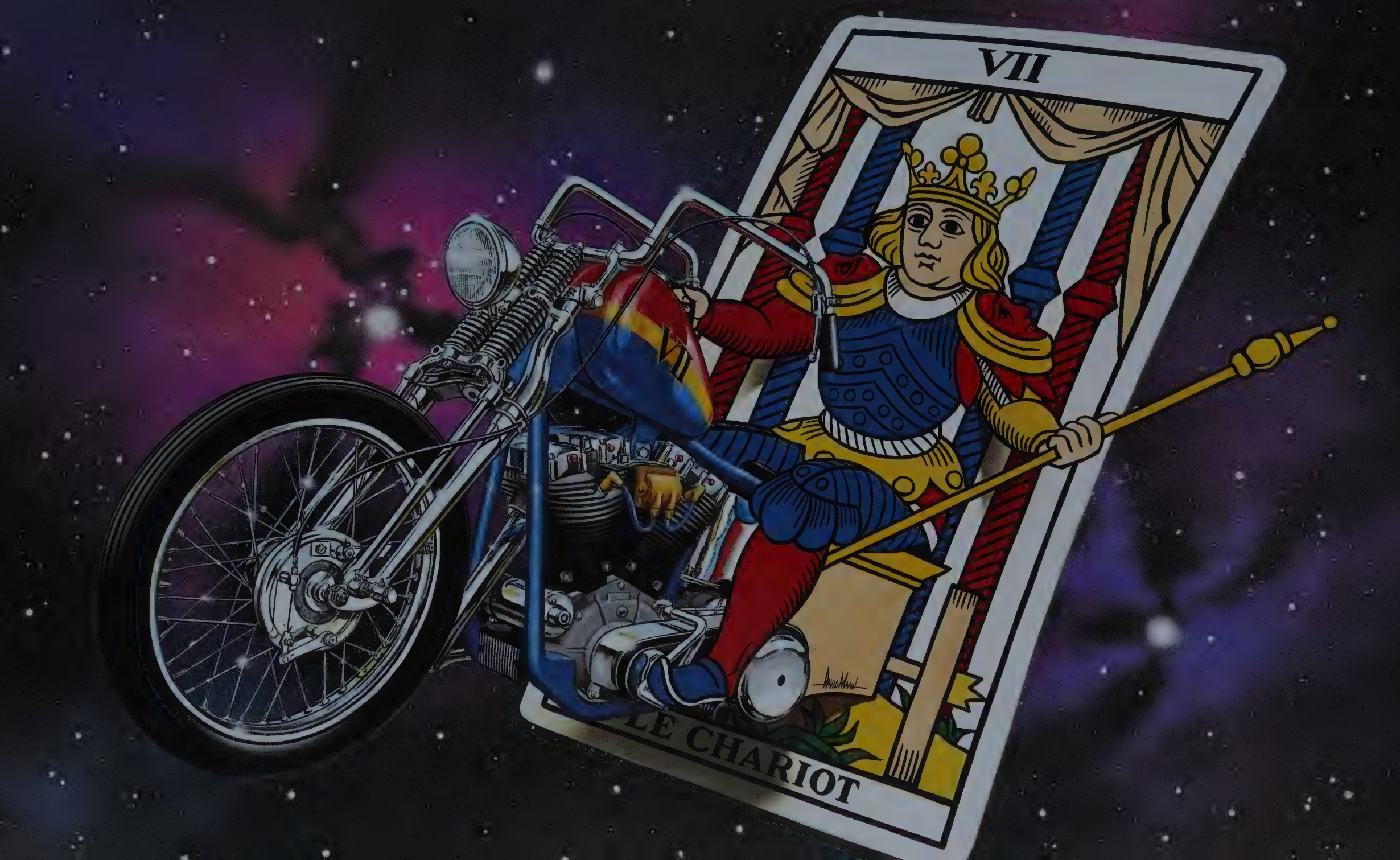
DAVID MANN

Chariot

This collection of David Mann's art provides ample evidence that playing cards and the figures thereon hold a special place in the imagery and symbols he uses most frequently. Here we witness the moment of regal transformation into three-dimensional reality from the utterly flat surface of a Tarot card.

By the way, Dave's interest in playing cards and the mystique surrounding them is not only demonstrated by his frequent use of cards as figures or symbols, but also by the fact that he is an enthusiastic collector of playing cards, especially antique decks.

Easyriders centerspread, November 1991


VII
LE CHARIOT

Toy Run

Historically, bikers have struggled against an unjust stereotype that—despite ample evidence to the contrary—portrays them as anti-social beasts, dangerous to the citizenry and indifferent to the welfare of others. This stereotype has been intentionally perpetuated by sensation-seeking media representatives, and therefore accepted by a gullible public. At times, it appears that no quantity of truth can dispel the myth. Or, to repeat the familiar lament, "When we do right, no one remembers; when we do wrong, no one forgets."

Toy runs—men, women, and machines united for the simple and selfless purpose of bringing happiness to a child—seem to dispel the negative stereotype, if only briefly. For a few hours, bikers, media, and public come together without the hostility, distrust, and suspicion usually present.

In this work, Dave makes a visual pun while paying tribute to the spirit of toy runs everywhere —a tradition all bikers can be proud of.

Easyriders centerspread, December 1991

TOY RUN

The Wind At My Back

This 1992 effort presents a comforting image to any biker on the road and far from home. Here we see Dave's surreal depiction of a protective guardian angel guiding the weary biker to home and hearth, assisting with a back wind, the breath of a goddess.

Easyriders centerspread, July 1992

Saloon No. 10

Dave calls this piece his "homage to the gunslinging ghost of Wild Bill Hickok, another forefather of the American biker,"

Hickok is a fitting addition to the Ghost Rider Series, appearing here as a transparent phantom astride a spirited horse. Hickok distinguished himself as a Union scout and spy, as a U.S. marshal, and as a marksman on tour with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Nearby, astride his metal mount, is the living embodiment of Hickok's legacy—the American biker.

Behind Hickok and his descendant is the watering hole in Deadwood, South Dakota, where in 1876, so the story goes, Wild Bill was shot in the back as he sat at a card game. Next time you make the trek to Sturgis, ride the few miles to Deadwood and knock down a brew in memory of a true American legend.

Easyriders centerspread, August 1992

SALOON NO. 10
DAVID MANN

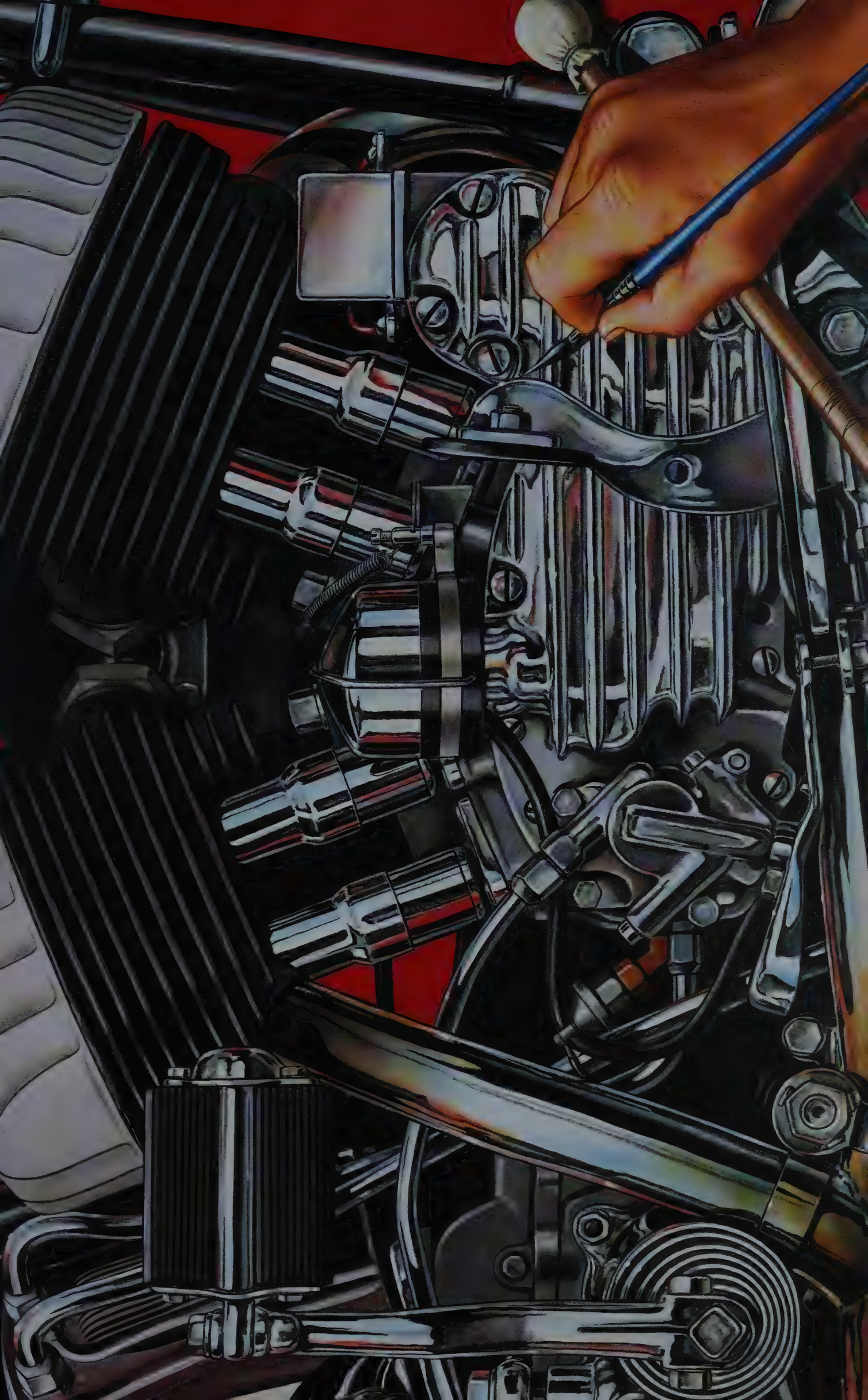
Hand-Painted Hand, Painting

Using the "living art" technique seen in other centerspreads featured herein, the artist blurs the distinction between reality and illusion by making his own hand a part of the painting.

Dave's subject is a particularly fine-looking classic, the 80 flathead. This mill is synonymous with chopper heritage and tradition, symbolizing the essence of the lifestyle that revolves around the Harley-Davidson V-twin engine. For many bikers, the 80 flathead is a work of art in its own right.

Using paint to realistically create the appearance of chromed metal is a formidable challenge to the artist's skill, as well as to his patience and stamina. "Reflections on polished surfaces are made up of lots of different colors," Dave points out. "I have to go over the work 20 times or more to achieve a realistic look. It's difficult and time-consuming, but the results are worth the effort."

Easyriders centerspread, September 1992



Power To The Putt!

I don't know about you, but I make it a special policy to avoid discussing political philosophy with a guy who wears social commentary tattooed to his densely muscled arm. I make it a really special policy to avoid such discussions when the aforementioned arm terminates in a clenched fist packing the horsepower to hammer the propaganda through the hole where your teeth used to be.

Dave rarely incorporates explicit political commentary into his work; this centerspread is a notable exception. The artist's fundamental mistrust of the establishment, as well as his characteristic social irreverence are exemplified in the intriguing collocation of inked images and words adorning the beefy arm with the escaping tattoo.

Produced for the magazine's 1992 special tattoo issue, the work is another example of "living art" surrealism, discussed elsewhere in this book. The painting combines stunning visual elements with an overt political posture rarely seen in Dave's art.

Easyriders centerspread, October 1992

REVOLUTI
IS THE
SOLUTIO
ALL POLITITIANS LIE!
DEA
CIA
IRS
FBI
FREEDOM OF CHOICE

First Ride Of The Year

For the genuine motorcycle maniac, there's no better way to rip the wrapping off a new year than to charge straight into it behind the handlebars of a motorcycle. This painting uses the familiar New Year's motif of a clock in the background whose hands point to 12:01—the year is as new as it will ever be. Bursting right off the page, the rider and his passenger appear to have sneaked away from a biker bash for the purpose of rolling into 1993 aboard the big Harley-Davidson. The girl holds a party favor in one hand and a bottle of bubbly in the other, while the guy sports a headband emblazoned with the digits of the infant year.

This two-wheeling couple prefers to usher in the new year listening to the throaty thump of a big-bore V-twin rather than the rancid rhythms of "Auld Lang Syne" performed by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

The rider's T-shirt identifies him as a Hamster. Not surprisingly, it turns out that Dave Mann himself is a member of that illustrious rodent fraternity of the road. Dave manipulates the painting's simple elements in a novel context, capturing the exuberance of a New Year's midnight putt.

Easyriders centerspread, January 1993

XII
1
II
III
IV
V
VI
VII
VIII
IX
X
XI
1993

Thunder Down Under

This centerspread was painted specifically as a tribute to the island continent and its rapidly growing biker population. Here we see an Australian rider and his impressively endowed girlfriend looking good, profiling against the backdrop of Sydney's famous Opera House. The biker wears boots of kangaroo hide and a tank top bearing a silhouette of the same animal, while his passenger wears . . . well, practically nothing. Historically tolerant of personal eccentricities and protective of personal freedoms, Australia encourages a rugged individualism seldom seen in modern society. In short, the unique biker lifestyle is alive and well down under.

Easyriders centerspread, March 1993

Delirium: A Flesh Fabrication

While studying this amazing, brain-battering centerspread Dave painted for a special tattoo issue of *Easyriders*, I was struck by certain similarities to scenes from the drugged and feverish labyrinth described in 1821 by Thomas De Quincey in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." My mind was suddenly flooded with forgotten images from carnival sideshows seen as a child, holding my mother's hand in open-mouthed awe of the huge canvases bearing garish, scary advertisements luring the curious and the gullible into the tent to see actual fire eaters, geeks, bearded ladies, sword swallowers, escape artists, and more.

That's right, step right this way—the show begins in five minutes. Presenting for your edification and enjoyment, more skin scenes from Dr. Mann's 1991 Theater of Cruelty and Pandemonium Shadow Show, featuring occult observations, fire taunting, bear hating, steam sucking, pig pounding, a lesson in the anatomy of the female reproductive system, and a thousand other marvels of land, sea, and air.

Easyriders centerspread, August 1991

From Chicago To L.A.

In 1992, an institution of mythic proportions celebrated its 66th year as an American institution. There's not much left of it today, but when it opened in 1926, the two-lane highway known as Route 66 stretched 2,400 miles across three time zones and eight states, running, as the song goes, from Chicago to L.A. The road lured young people, drifters, bums, writers, killers, and an assortment of individualists too varied to categorize.

Dave's painting is his tribute to that highway of dreams. On the right, a rider from our own era tears up the asphalt on Interstate 40, formerly called Route 66. On the left, both the clothes he wears and the jockey-shift Harley he rides, date this guy as someone from the formative years of biking. Those were magic days, days of kidney belts, Hollister, "The Wild One"—and the road.

Easyriders poster

US
66
40

400 Years of Riding Free—Sorta

Another work in the acclaimed Ghost Rider Series, this *Easyriders* illustration ran alongside an informal essay based on the interesting and insightful proposition that the biker is not a modern phenomenon at all. The writer humorously but effectively argues his case that being a biker is a matter of heart, not of hardware. He identifies the larger-than-life Viking as the first of the biker breed, then proceeds to follow the lineage of the brotherhood of biking. The text becomes a journey through history, from the medieval knight to the uncompromising scooter tramp roaming today's interstate highways. The life-energy of this unfettered breed transcends time and place, so the writer's assertion that the biker persona involves an intangible quality of mind and spirit is both believable and justified.

Dave's remarkable illustration is a perfect complement to the article. The stern countenances on these masterfully executed portraits reflect his meticulous attention to detail. On these six intense faces, the history of the biker bloodline can be read. Each profile is as timeless as a historical marker cut from granite. Each character is a milestone along the unbroken progression from Norse Raider to American Nonconformist.

Easyriders nonfiction illustration, August 1988

Good Therapy

This eye-arresting illustration accompanied a story whose biker protagonist, L'il Red, severely injures his right hand when he flattens his ol' lady's obnoxious brother. The plot chronicles Red's efforts to regain the use of his pulverized paw. Eventually, he succeeds, thanks to the "good therapy" of twisting and releasing the throttle on his Sportster day after day.

The striking close-up of Red's throttle hand rivets the viewer's attention. The hand's index and little fingers are encircled by symbols of guile and death, while a middle-finger demon licks (or lashes) the face of a screaming woman. Condensing the yarn's essence into a single illustration, Dave heightens the art's impact through his skillful use of vivid colors on equally vivid images.

The message is clear: Don't tread on Red.

Easyriders fiction illustration, October 1979

Daytona Run

On a grim, brutally cold day in February, Mike and Jake, the principal characters from the story that paired with this illustration, prepare to flee the winter wasteland for the distant warmth of Speed Week in Florida. Mike is a purist, a believer in tradition, ceremony, and the grand gesture. Accordingly, even though the brief putt to Jake's place leaves him wet and shivering, he doggedly insists that they should ride—not haul—their bikes to Daytona. Jake, the pragmatist, contends that feeling morally superior to guys who bring their bikes in a truck is lousy compensation for the highway misery of travelling 60 mph in 16-degree weather. In many areas of the country, this debate continues to be a perennial fixture of wintertime garage gab.

In the illustration, the soul-shriveling snowcap in the foreground stands as a starkly frigid contrast to the spirit-satisfying beaches seen in the distance. The result of this juxtaposition is the sort of visual metaphor Dave would employ eight years later in his centerspread titled "So Long Cold—Hello Daytona," also included in this book.

Easyriders fiction illustration, May 1982

Where's Charlie?

Like the other selections in this section, Dave's artwork takes its title from the fiction or article accompanying the illustration. In this tale about men, their tools, and the women who love both, Charlie appears as an unassuming person whose modest needs could easily be satisfied, except for One Thing—Donna Marie, his ol' lady.

Donna Marie power-nags him with the enthusiasm of a rookie and the dedication of a professional. It's a Bitch-O-Rama all day, every day, at Charlie's house, and things are looking their worst when an old buddy turns him on to a '65 FLH basket case. A born tinkerer, Charlie set about restoring the trashed bike, a project that further isolates him from the big-breasted, ball-breaking, beautiful bitch, Donna Marie.

You can probably guess the rest. If not, I'll just say that the answer to the question posed by the story's title can be found by a close examination of Dave's illustration.

Easyriders fiction illustration, December 1979

A Cold Winter Ride

The fiction for which Dave created this icy illustration concerns a long-distance romance in the state of Washington. The narrator of the tale is crazy in love with a gal living on the opposite side of the state—so crazy, in fact, that he undertakes a 300-mile ride on a 1939 H-D in the frigid pilgrimage to Walla Walla.

Dave's uncanny ability to capture the special look of inclement weather is matched by his talent for conveying the actual feel of such weather as well. His art illustrating this story captures every minute detail of the painfully cold January journey—from the frozen expanse of the almost featureless countryside, to the patina of ice accumulating on the leading edges of bike and biker, right down to the narrator's use of rope tied criss-cross on the tire to improve traction.

Unquestionably, Dave possesses a truly remarkable gift.

Easyriders fiction illustration, January 1990

Old Ford Memorabilia

This piece could be a rendering of a garage wall in another dimension. Sure, the logos and brand names are familiar, but levitating spark plugs and floating open-end wrenches are rarely seen down at the corner gas station. The photo on the wall, the huge fuzzy dice, the well-known eyes of the Moon logo, the Edelbrock head, and the license plates all point toward the glory days of hot rodding. Those were the days when a vintage Ford coupe was that treasure of treasures, the core around which a hot rod could take shape. Chopped and channeled, rolled and pleated, four on the floor—is this paradise or what?

American Rodder single-page illustration, July 1990

F·I·N·E A·R·T

Behind Every Man...

Ain't Love Grand?

Raggedy Ann has run off, leaving the lower shelf for the fuzzy attentions of the teddy bear above. Now the two of them hold hands and peer rapturously into each other's eyes, cruelly oblivious to the figure on the shelf underneath them. There, Raggedy Andy languishes with a dart in the heart, fatally wounded by love's barb.

Unpublished, 1989

Behind Every Man . . .

When we discussed this painting, the women took a traditional stance: behind every good man there's a good—no make that great—woman. The men wanted to know why this good woman looks like a Satan's Sadist enjoyin' her work. That ended the discussion, the women concluding that there aren't any good men in the first place.

Unpublished, circa 1989

Ain't Love Grand?

A Humorous Balance

In this striking work, Dave pays a simultaneous tribute to comedian Charlie Chaplin and to painter René Magritte. Chaplin's film humor was primarily physical, yet it was nonetheless fragile, because it always skated a thin ice separating it from failure. The Belgian artist Magritte painted realistic objects in surreal context, creating images whose power lies in their delicate balance of reality and dreams.

Unpublished, 1992

A Humorous Balance

P8-CNB-984